under way for almost eight hours, and that during these hours the people who came at first grew weary and went away, only to make room for others who in turn grew tired of standing still and left their places for still others. From three to five different throngs of spectators same to look on. The head of the procession saw that the entire reute was lined on each side with unbroken ranks of spectators at least three deep, not to mention the crowds on steps and windows of houses and the well-filled stands. In the aftermeon the walks held from three to five times as many as they held at 11 o'clock; they were jammed for hours. Certainly not less than a million, people looked on, and, by every sign, ther looked with approbation. Both because of the number of men in line and of the numher of speciators, resterday's parade was an event to date from.

On the Saturday before election eight year ago there was a parade of the friends of Harrison. It was on just such a day as yesterday-a day of sunlit skies and soft airs and gentle breezes. The procession that marched up Broadway was the greatest of the political parades that the city had then seen. Forty thousand men it numbered. And Benjamin Harrison became the President of the United

UP THE LINE WITH THE LEADERS. A Welcome Everywhere from the Multi-tudes Under the Flags.

Scarcely had the sun broken through the arm haze of the east when the atreets showed the first gatherings of the hosts that were to assemble in the lower part of the city to join in the day-long procession. The metropolis, indead was astir in anticipation of the parade before even the first glipt of the sun was seen on a church spire-it had been astir with the preparations for days before—but when the first of the usual morning rush for train and trolley and bridge and ferry began the signs of fête day were everywhere unmistakable. The luncheon-carrying wage earners showed resettes of the national colors in profusion or poats and blouses. The business men-even those with gray hair and the most sedate bear ing-were gorgeous with knotted flags and gilded emblems. Their typewriters and cierks were radiant with bright-hued badges, while demans of the old and the youthful were bearing flags of large size neatly folded that were to be used later in decorating deaks and office walls and floated in the air from many an office

Nor were the flags the only distinctive emblems; it was a day of flowers as well as flag day, and the one flower that blossomed for the nation's honor was the yellow chrysanthemum. There were yellow chrysanthemums by the hundred, but flags by the thousand, on every stream of humanity that flowed toward Manhattan Island.

From 8 o'clock, on every travelled road led to the verge of lower Broadway, and every cone heading that way was crowded. And what a spectacle awaited there the gathering throngs! From flagstaffs rising above the loftlest structures, from poles that hung out over ts of every sort of building, were flags waving in the gentle breeze. From hundreds of hed lines the broad stripes and blue fields hung in undulating veils. From almost every the bright colors fluttered, while hur dreds of the houses were crisscrossed with bunting or decorated with huge rosettes. The spectator was fairly fogged in by the clouds of bunt-

WHERE THE READ OF THE LINE FORMED. Thrilled as never before by the spectacle, the throny gathered along the thoroughfare of the parade, and in somewhat denser crowds near the corner of Worth street than elsewhere, be cause it was there that Gen. Horace Porter and valting for these officials the

w that the decorators were reading more flags to the breeze as in the brightest uniforms were hurso and fro to reach their appointed places akirs in urgent hosts swarmed about the corners selling flags and gold bugs four inches long

and yellow chrysanthemums three inches across Heavily laden trucks passed up and down in the early hours, many of these draped and prated, but so vast was the display of bunting on every side that they attracted little if any attention, until one truck belonging to the United States Express Company appeared with a larger spread of flags than any that had premock gravity:

"Louk at Tom Platt's coerced driver, poor fel low!" whereat everybody laughed. Then four coaches came along at intervals.

ch covered over with a throng of exceedingly pretty and very patriotic girls and young . The spectators stopped looking at the waving flags to gaze at the brighter pictures. and then talked of the stir the great parade was to make in every port of household in the

By 8:15 the first of the police force arrived at the corner. It was a squad of forty-five men from the Fourteenth precinct under Acting Captain Herlihy. These deployed on both sides of Broadway, and thereafter the small boys who had been plunging about in a most reckless fashion became less demonstrative, although o effort to restrain the crowds was made until after 9 o'clock.

DRY GOODS MEN ASSEMBLE. Meantime one of the dry goods divisions of

the paraders had been assembling in Worth street, west of Broadway. A score came in the first squad at 8 o'clock. This squad grew in bers rapidly and after 9 o'clock amazingly. The police had by that time stopped traffic in that street. These men with guidons-Henry Sabel, Henry Major, and John Morgan-tool ands in the street opposite the building at 84 and behind them massed the marching host, It was a host that at 9:15 filled the street solid from surb to curb and extended for three clocks to the west. Every man wore a yellow chrysanthemum on his breast and every man carried a flag. That street had never seen such a dense mass of humanity as that, but if a spectator climbed to a high stoop and looked down ever the throng he could see but five rows of es across the street, because beyond the fifth row the whole mass was hidden away under the

And as this street appeared, so did every other street above and below it where the divisions

were gathering for the early start. But the view was only one element in the stirring show. As the number of business trucks thinned down, the men of the brass band and drum corps gathered in place, especially the drum corps in the earlier part of the preparatory work. The rattle of a spare would break on the air to annihilate every other sound, and then the shrill scream of the fife would be heard much as it was heard 120 years ago when the people were rising to defend the country from invaders. "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic airs were varied with quicksteps and jigs to give verve to the feet of the waiting hosts. But it was not until after an hour of this that music came a feature of the occasion. By that time Poughkeepsie's crack band in a gorgeous red uniform had arrived to lead the dry goods men, and after a preliminary signal or two began to play "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Instantly the noise of conversation was hushed throughout the street, and thousands of flags were raised in the air to beat time to the

And then there were the spectators in the windows. At least nine-tenths of them were women—the mothers, wives, daughters, and sweethearts of those who were to march. In dresses appropriate to the weather they gathared in groups at every window and gazed down on the surging throngs of the street, where oconally some acquaintance was recognized with a violent waving of handkerchiefs at the

ow and of flags below. As the crowds increased it was observed that ther were composed of notably well-behaved

and good-natured people. New York has seen many a political parade, with its accompanying host of spectators; but as this was by far the largest host that had ever assembled for such a

purpose, so, too, it was the most orderly. 'They've come to honor the flag, ch?" said a policeman to whom a reporter mentioned the temper of the crowd. The policeman had seen a plenty of political gatherings on the street, but for the first time, as ne said, one had gathered without any sign of the existence of an element in opposition. Toe reporter, after hearing this, looked carefully about the streets for several blocks in the neighborhood, but failed to find a single Bryan emblem, nor did he hear even one cry or cheer or word for the repudiation leader.

Perhaps a hundred greetings between friends were observed, and these, with rare exceptions, were all alike. The friends grasped hands, and then with one accord looked up or down the street at the wondrous canopy of flags, and said What do you think of this?"

The fing was waying over every head, and the ing was first in every thought.

MUSTER OF HORSEMEN. After a time the street cars ceased to annoy and then came the mounted aides of the Chief Marshal, with their broad white sashes and road red sashes. There was an array of horsefirsh then in Broadway fit to make a plainsnan's eyes brighten, nor was this array any less attractive when Sergeant Gannon brought to the corner his squad of mounted policemen who were to lead the way in the long march. The air was by this time full of the blare of brazen music and the boom of drums, and this was as aspiring to the animals as it was to the men, and that Broadway corner was filled with a life

to which it has not been accustomed. In fact, the whole street from the Bowling Green to the top of the hill above Canal street was full of unwented life. Full of a stirring crowd as it always is on a pleasant week day. the ordinary throngs are as nothing to what was to be seen as the hour for starting the parade drew on, for those who were bound either up or down the sidewalks had need to push their way almost constantly in order to get long. The space between the curbs was as full as the grounds at a country fair, and at every cross street the paraders were either gathering in solid masses or marching along to reach their

proper places.

STARTED ON TIME TO A SECOND Finally-it was at exactly 9:40 o'clock-Sergeant Gannon's mounted squad of policemen wheeled into line across Broadway just above Worth street, and the people who had been passing up and down between the curbs gradually massed themselves on the sidewalks. A little later Sousa's band, with resplendent Drum Major Mode at the head, fell in behind the policemen. Deputy Chief of Police Cortright, wear ing his new badge in public for the first time, came along on a prancing chestnut gelding to see that all was in readiness. Chief of Staff A. Noel Blakeman called the aides to saddle and formed them in order below Worth street, while the mounted Sound-money Club, a notable

troop in every respect, formed below them.

And then came Gen. Porter to take command, and for the first time in the history of New York parades the commanding office his army prepared for the march on time.

Taking hisplace under a storm-worn flag that for weeks had been proclaiming the honest purpose of the metropolis, the General sent his aides hither and you to notify the commanders of divisions. They came back to report that every one was ready. The hour of 10 was close at hand, and people were already standing with watch in hand to note the time, when an open carriage, drawn by a handsome team, came trotting down Broadway. For a moment the people looked in astonishment, then the hosts about the corners recognized the occupants of the carriage as Mayor Strong and ex-Mayor Hewitt. There were cheers at once on every side, and the band played the usual welome until the carriage had reached its place behind the mounted squad.

The time for the start had come. The General turned in his saddle for a final look over his followers, waved a ribbon-draped baton in air, and in a voice that rose above the hubbub of the surrounding streets said in the long, military

staccato: "Attention! Forward! March!" The day-long parade was sharp on the hour of 10 o'clock, and keeping time with the strains of "Marching Through Georgia."

WHAT THE MARCHERS BAW. Tens of thousands had gathered along the sidewalks of Broadway and tens of thousands along the route beyond to look upon those who marched, but the men in line saw a panorami of no less interest than they themselves afforded, for tuey marched away seemingly under such a flaring, flaming cloud as once served ceded it. Then one of the paraders said with | to guide an ancient liberty-loving host. They were beneath a cloud that did not indeed move on, but it was ever before them; it was first in their thoughts, and it sheltered them as well as marked the way-the endless cloud of bunting. And then every window was a living picture of which the whole host might well be proud, for the beauty of the metropolis had gathered there-pictures that were framed as never before in wreaths made of the flag. There were welcoming hosts that lined the pavements shoulder to shoulder and breast to back, everywhere, and in places were massed to cover the whole walk. To those who had marched in other political parades the spectators were notably cordial. No such welcome was ever extended to those in line, for not once did the head of the line hear any cry or sound to indicate that one of the hosts of repudiation had an existence.

parade was notable, too, for the speed made in the march, At 10:40 o'clock Gen. Porter and his aides were crossing the street car tracks in Fourteenth street, and fifteen minutes later they were in the wide open space that had been reserved before the reviewing stand and saluting Mr. Hobart and Gov. Morton, And here about everybody in the parade cheered as well as saluted.

Without a stop or break the host marched on between the walls that everywhere boasted the sheen of Old Glory and between throngs that everywhere shouted a welcome. It was a cheerful as well as a cheering host-a host that laughed and sang songs and renewed its youth in a thousand ways. But not until the crest of the bill at Thirty-sixth street was reached did any one fully realize spectacle of which he was a part. For here as nowhere else one might turn to look back on paraders and spectators alike, might see the mighty stream that was wholly covered as with a froth of flags and was flowing steadily between banks as radiant and bright as the autumn-tinted shores of the Hudson.

MIGHTY MULTITUDE DISPERSED AS BY CLOCK-WORK.

The route was up Broadway to Waverley place, to Fifth avenue, to Thirty-first street, to Madison avenue, to Thirty-fourth street, to Fifth avenue, and to Fortleth street.

The arrangements for the dispersal of the parade at Fifth avenue and Fortleth street could not have been more perfect. Inspecto McCullagh and Capt. Devery, who had charge of the police force stationed there, had the im mease crowd well under control, and at no time was there any congestion. The stands outside the Union League Club and the Republican Club were crowded early. The crowd in the street had been massed for more than two hours before the nead of the column appeared It was exactly 11:20 when Gen. Horace Porter and his aides reached the corner of Fortiets street. They marched right up the avenue and wheeled around in position facing the advanc-ing column. Gen. Porter personally directed the movements of the various divisions as the appeared, sending them right and left through Fortieth street alternately.

Everything was as smooth as clockwork, and at no time was there any wait. This had the effect of making the wait for the parade to pass less tedious, and the crowds on the stands and in the street lost all account of time and lunch and just devoted themselves to cheering and applauding the various battalions.

Gen. Porter's aides did yeoman's work in leading the various columns through the side streets, while, the mounted policemen held the

Gen. Porter received an ovation from almost all

the paraders. He presented a fine appearance standing at the head of his aides, with his tricolored sash and the ivory and gold baton which the Business Men's and Sound Money Republican clubs presented to him on Thursday night. The Union League Club was thrown open to him and his sides, and a luncheon spread for them, which they partook of in squads. The stables were just opposite, and the horses were watered and fed at the same time.

ALL DAY LONG IN REVIEW.

Phings Seen, Said, and Sung While the Vant Line Wound Through Madison Square. Hot and flerce the sun beat down on the stands at Madison square. What little wind there was fluttered fold after fold of the Stars and Stripes, making every stretch of street glorious with brilliance and motion. Fifth avenue was a power of the national colors. Broadway swayed and swung with flags, big and little, some sweeping majestically to and fro over the width of the street, others waving from window and cornice and rooftop. The Fifth Avenue Hotel showed the Stars and Stripes all along its front, and even the Bartholdi, home of Popocracy, made a brave showing. Where all the bedecked highways centre at Madison square the big gayly decorated stands bloomed like glant flow-

ers, with the set decorations and the flags and colors of the spectators. Every man, woman, and child that one saw on those stands were or carried an emblem of some kind. The men were campaign buttons and badges or huge yellow chrysanthemums the women were gay with wreaths and flying ribbons. At the entrance to the stands committeemen presented the ticket holders with came ric bags a foot long. There were four stand at Madison square. First was the reviewing stand on the east side of Fifth avenue, nearly opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Above this on a long banner stretched across the rafters, was the motto:

WE KNOW NO "ENEMY'S COUNTRY" IN THIS PAIR LAND OF OURS.

Festoons of the Stars and Stripes decorated the front and rear of the stand. Then came a large grand stand, and acros the street from that a continuation grand stand and press stand. In front of the old Brunswick Hotel was a stand filled with politicians. This stand Mayor Strong refused to permit to be erected upon the application of the Republican State Committee, but afterward reconsidered and gave his consent with the understanding that it was to be under the control of the sound money men. It was filled with local Republican

politicians vesterday. A police line had been thrown across Fifth avenue at the north side of Twenty-third street, and no person was permitted in the roadway past that line. But the sidewalks were thronged to the curb, and by 10 o'clock all the available space about the stands was occupied. The seats had pretty well filled up, too, but were not crowded, which was due to the fact that only 2,800 tickets in all had been issued and only ticket holders were admitted to the seats. Many of the ticket holders, on the assurance that their seats would be ready for them at any time, did not attempt to get to the place for the beginning of the parade. The management of the stands was in every way excellent, and there was but one element of discomfort-the heat.

INDIVIDUAL GRAND STANDS TO HIRE. By 10 o'clock the improvised grand-stand trade was thriving on the sidewalks around the stands. Small boys with boxes, bales, baskets, and stepladders did a lively business with those who had arrived too late for a place near the front, and whose only chance lay in looking at the parade over the heads of earlier comers. These people paid as much as 50 cents for a large box, and 35, 25, or 15 cents for smaller ones, according to their size and prospective stability. One heard on all sides the piercing announcements of the urchins:

"Here yar! Here yar, now. Yer grand stands fer a quarter. Un'y a quarter ter see the hull

Two enterprising youths with stenladders and a board to stretch between them sold standing room on the board for twenty-five cents a head and the two seats on the top of the ladders for seventy-five cents apiece, thus clearing \$3.50 in the first two hours and more later on, for the purchasers eventually grew weary or weak in the legs and faitered. Other youths shricked out the news that they were prepared to dispose of copies of the "only official programme" at ten cents a copy, but didn't seem to be doing much business.

By a little after 10 o'clock heads began to ap pear in all the windows overlooging Madison square. The Fifth Avenue balcony was peopled with a bevy of well-dressed women, with unaccustomed bits of brightness in their garb in the shape of little flags and resettes of tricolor. The roofs, too, showed a considerable popula-From the press stand could be seen, far across Madison square, an agonized face at a window of the Republican National Headquarters at 1 Madison avenue. It was the face of young Mr. Perkins. Somebody had to stay at headquarters, and poor young Mr. Perkins was deputized for the job. In an otherwise glorious occasion, his grief-stricken counte

nance was the one crumpled rose leaf. ASPHALTERS PROVIDE A LITTLE FUN.

Previous to the arrival of the eagerly awaited parade the crowd was treated to a little display of an unexpected nature. Three asphalt-melting hand carts of the kind usually termed "wandering hell-spouters" proceeded solemnly up the avenue, followed by a load of tarry material and a coffin-shaped box in a small cart draws by a weary-looking horse, the cavalcade flanked by a dozen of Commissioner Waring's angels. The crowd began to applaud and to exhort the men to make their spouters spout, whereupon one of the street cleaners politely removed his hat and made a sweeping bow to the stands. A man in the upper grand stand shouted;

"This is the Bryan procession," and the crowd shouted its appreciation. "The tar's there all right. Where are the feathers?" cried another man.

" Have you got the Boy Orator in the box?" inquired a third, and a running fire of queries followed, until the cavalcade turned off into one of the side streets.

MORTON AND HOBART SPIED AND SALUTED. Within a few moments the interest of the people was diverted by the first official occurrence of the day. From the west side of Broad-way Gov. Morton, with Candidate Hobart, and their escort, came through the police line and started across the plaza to the reviewing stand. The first to be seen was the Governor of

"What's the matter with Morton ?" shouted one of those big voices which always finds use for itself on such occasions,

" He's all right," shouted the crowd. " He's all solid gold," piped a high, thin volo and the answer came from a thousand throats: "That's what he is!"

Then arose a cry of "Hobart! Hobart!" which was quickly taken up on all sides. The Governor and the candidate for the Vice-Presidency entered the stand together, both raising their hats as the cheering swelled to a great volume. With them were Col. Swords, ex-Senstor Hen dricks, Timothy L. Woodruff, Ashley Cole, Sheriff Tamsen, A. D. Juillard, John Sloane, Charles H. Webb, Nathan and Oscar Straus, Henry Gregg, John T. Waring, Samuel Bowne, Henry Heintz, and Douglas Robertson. They themseives in the front centre of th stand, Gov. Morton, Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Woodruff in the first line. As they took their seats the people in that and all the other stands arose saluted them by waving the flags which had been supplied to them.

PARADE ON TIME.

Few expected that the parade would reach the square within an hour of the time set, and it was a general and pleasant surprise when at an order from Acting Inspector Hanley the police line across the avenue withdrew and the 10:50, only five minutes after the time set for the arrival of the first line.

"Here they come; here they come," the word went through the crowd, and a perceptible quickening in the box and bale market immedistely made itself felt. Sounds of cheering could

be heard from below Twenty-third street, where the first rank was being welcomed, and then the eager spectators on and about the stands were treated to a ridiculous spectacle. A horseman gotten up as a Mexican rode up the plara on a horse, whose trappings advertised a third-rate restaurant. Why he should have been let past the police line is a mystery, but no one interfered with him as he pranced in lonely gorgeousness between the lines of police, two hundred yards or more in front of the procession. A few of the spectators laughed, a few blessed. It is doubtful if the third-class restaurant gained anything by its ill-advised display. Two minutes after the horseman had passed a squed of mounted police, led by Sergeant Gannon on a beautiful high-school horse, rode away across Twentythird street and into the plaza, and as they appeared the grand stands blossomed into huge beds of color. As he came opposite the reviewing stand the Sergeant saluted, and Gov. Morton and Mr. Hobart returned the salute, which was the formal notification of the arrival of the

Behind the police line came Gen. Horace Porter, the Grand Marshal, on horseback. As he saluted, the stands cheered him enthusias-tically. Behind him rode his three chief aides, ornamented with bread white eashes; and the aides, forty-five in number, mounted on handsome horses, followed them, The insignia of the aides consisted of broad sashes of the national colors. All saluted and were saluted by

the reviewers. Next came as splendidly mounted a body of men as has ever paraded in New York, the Horsemen's Sound-money Club. They sat on their horses like veterans, and in their closefitting dark riding coats, each brightened by a resette of red, white, and blue, they made a memorable appearance. After them came Mayor Strong and ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt in a carriage, the latter wearing a big rellow chrysanthemum. The Mayor had a special escort made up of representatives of the various or-

ganizations as follows: Architectural division, C. N. Elliott and Bruce Price.

Bankers' and Brokers' Republican Club, C. E.
Quincy and James D. Smith.
Cotton Exchange Sound-money Club, Wm. V.
Kins and M. B. Fielding.
Coffee Exchange and Lower Wall Street
Business Men's McKinley and Hobart Soundmoney Club, Gus A. Jahn and H. W. Banks.
Coal Trade Sound-money Club, R. H. Wililams and W. R. Potts.
The Clothiers' Legion—Jos. W. Gibson and
Max Ernst.

The Clothiers' Legion—Jos. Max Ernst.
Columbia University—Maxwell Lester.
Crockery and Glassware Trade Association—
George B. Jones.
Wholesale Dry Goods Republican Club—Wil-Wholesale Dry Goods Republican Clay Ham E. Webb.
McKlinley and Hobart Sound-money Drug.
Paint, Oll and Chemical Trades' Campaign
Club-G. J. Seabury.
Central Division of the McKinley and Hobart Dry Goods Association—C. F. Home and bart Dry Goode Association—C. F. Home and Albert Tilt. The Hat Trade McKinley and Hobart Sound Money and Sound Government Club, Alexander Caidwell and William B. Thom. Hide and Leather Sound Money Association, Eugene H. Conklin and Edward R. Ladew. Hardware Trade Sound Money League, A. D. Clinch.

Clinch.

Insurance Men's Sound Money Club, George
T. Patterson.

Jeweilers' McKinley and Hobart Club, J. B.

T. Patterson.
Jeweilers' McKinier and Hobart Club, J. B.
Bowden and O. G. Fessenden.
Leaf Tobacco Sound Money Club, Joseph F.
Cullman and A. Hijur.
Lawyers' Sound Money Campaign Club,
Charles H. Sherrill, Jr.
Millhery and Flower Trade Republican Club,
John L. Haker and Stanley B. Hill.
New York Protective Machinery. Rallway
Supply and Metal Association, Charles A.
Moors and H. S. Manning.
McKinier and Hobart Club of the Paper and
Associated Trades, George F. Perkins and Willlam D. May.
New York Produce Exchange McKinley and
Hobart Sound-money League. Thomas A. McIntyre and Frank Brainard.
Publishers' and Advertisers' Sound-money
Club, L. C. Ivery and John L. Snow.
Real Estate Sound-money Club, Horace S.
Ely and John F. Doyle.
Campaign Club of Manufacturers and Dealers in Supplies for Steam, Water and Gas,
Charles H. Simmons and Walter B. Tufts.
The Merchant Tailors' Sound-money League,
E. Twyeffort.
West Side Merchants' Sound-money Club,

harles H. Simmons and Sound-money League, The Merchant Tailors' Sound-money Club, West Side Merchants' Sound-money Club, William Wills and Col. B. F. Hart.
West Side Retail Dealers' Sound Money Club, William A. Mass and Joseph E. Muhling.
McKinley and Hobart Shoe Trade Sound Money Club, D. P. Morse and C. E. Bigelow.
Saddlery and Harness Trade Sound Money Club, C. M. Moseman and Francis T. Luqueer, Ir. Wine and Spirit Traders' Society of the United

States, Francis J. Crily.
Cleak and Suit Trade Sound Money Club,
Meyer Janasson.
Wholesale Fish Dealers' Sound Money Club, A. H. Herts. All wore silk hats and black frock coats, including G. J. Seabury of the Drug, Paint, Oil and Chemical Trades, who almost created a schism in his organization by declaring his unalterable intention of marching in a light coat and derby hat. How his decision was overcome is not a matter of public knowledge yet; but as he passed the stands some one who knew about him called out:

"Seabury's got a stovepine on," and Mr. Seabury's companions struggled with grins. No more typical body of New York business men of the highest rank could have been gathered together than the escort, and the cheers that arose as they marched by were as much for them as for the Mayor. After passing the stands the Mayor and ex-Mayor dismounted and took seats in the reviewing stand, being greeted with a salute of flags by those in the stand as they mounted the steps.

FINE MARCHING OF THE DRY GOODS MEN. The first band marched by playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" as the 'layor sat down. This was the crack band of Poughseepsie, and back of t came the head of the great legion of wholesale dry goods men, which kept on in unbroken line for upward of an hour, then was interrupted by the companies of another organization, only to appear again thousands strong. The dry goods men were purple badges and yellow chrysanthemums, and carried American flags on the ends of their bamboo canes.

From the first it was evident that this parade was going to be remarkable for the excellence of the alignment and step. Veterans in the crowd of spectators declared that the marching was little short of marvellous for undrilled men. Line after line, as far as the eye could reach. wung into the plaza with the regular tramp o a trained military force, tramped up to the relewing stand, executed the oblique march across the roadway after passing the reviewers, and steadily kept their paces up the avenue They marched sixteen front. Near the head of column was one line which the crowd singled out for its applause, and which was the most perfect of any single line that THE SUN man saw during the first two hours of the pa-The sixteen men were nearly of a size and all wore light grayish-brown overcoats. They marched like clockwork, and the cheering accompanied them all the way up the line.

SAMPLES OF COERCION. Most of the dry goods men were in a jubilant frame of mind, and they showed it by making a noise. Company after company lifted up its collective voice as it passed the reviewing stand and assured itself in reply to its own query as to Gov. Morton's condition that it was satisfactory in every respect; repeating the process in reference to Mr. Hobart. Some of then were tuneful, too, and, as the bands were not scattered too thickly along the line, they had a chance to use their voices. Here is one of the songs they sang to the stands, using the fa miliar tune of "John Brown's Body:"

Hang Bill Bryan on a sour apple tree, Hang Bill Bryan on a sour apple tree, Hang Bill Bryan on a sour apple tree, As we go marching on

As every Popocrat knows, all these men were coerced. It must have brought tears to Popocratic eyes to observe them coerced not only to turn out and march, but to grin cheerfully and to lift up their voices and make a joyful noise. unless one heard it with Popocratic ears, in which case of course it wasn't joyful at all, but quite disgraceful and discouraging. Undoubtedly it was coercion also which brought out a company yell from a line along a little further, police line across the avenue withdrew and the crowd, craning their necks forward could see a line moving up the roadway, while the shrill notes of the fifes could be heard. It was then as if they had had nothing to do but practice marching all their lives. And anybody could hear coercion in every note of a kazoo band. made up of one line of sixtuen men, who tooted merrily the march to which they stepped. The vision of plutocratic employers thrusting those kasoss down the throats of the poor working- In front of the White street delegation was

man and bidding him toot with Wagnerian emphasis or get a new job must have made the spectators up in Popocratic headquarters writhe

with grief and pity. All sorts of designs had been procured by the thousands of coerced ones. In the company which followed a Yonkers band was a man who wore suspended from his buttonhole a lump of imitation gold that would have been worth about \$15,000 had it been the real thing. A little further along were a line of colored men, who marched to the sound of an almost con tinuous salvo of applause. A detachment of several nundred dry goods men, wearing long tricolor streamers, and with tricolor handkerchiefs hanging from their pockets marched by the stand, presenting arms with their flag surmounted canes. After the Ninth Regiment band came a body of men who marched in very close formation and such excellent time that they were frequently applauded. One file of this detachment were gold neckties, while another file used small editions of Old Giery for that article of apparel. So large was this detachment that the end was barely within hearing of the band, but they were capable of making music for themselves, and they sang as they marched this ditty, to the tune of "The

When November rolls around, round, round, when November rolls around, round, round, round, when November rolls around.

No fifty-three cent dollar can be found.

In the line following were two big flags edged with gold cloth on which was printed in big "McKinley, Hobart, and Prosperity." Behind these flags the marching men cheerfully

Who are we?
Who are we?
We are all for sound mon-eel*

Numbers of the men were large gold bugs on their shoulders for epaulets. Almost all of them were yellow chrysanthemums, and it was a matter for wonder where all the flowers came from. If such a thing as a Vale-Princeton football game can bull the price of chrysauthemums, yesterday's ought to have made them worth more than their weight in the metal they represented. It seemed hardly credible that so many could be grown within marketing distance of New York. Most of those worn were the real thing, too, although there were many thousand imitation flowers.

NO TRAMPLING ON THE FLAG FOR THEM. While the singing detachment was passing the stands an incident occurred in front of the press stand which suggested the action of Debs and his followers in trampling on the Stars and Stripes. A small flag fell from the cane of one of the dry goods men as he was passing the press stand. To have stooped and picked it up would have been to break the good marching order of the line. It lay there, and the next line opened out so that it was left untrampled. So did the next and the next. One marcher who failed to see it nearly trod on it, but his neighbor caught and pulled him away to one side so that his boot barely grazed it. Presently from the side a man with a G. A. R. badge on ran forward, but before he reached the little flag one of the dry goods men had dropped back from his line and picked up the untrodden banner. The crowd cheered the act and the significance that underlay it.

AGES IN THE PROCESSION. As the parade went on it was noticed that nearly all the paraders were men under forty. and a majority were under thirty. Here and there an elderly patriot plodded along, and honor and the nation thirty years ago, when there were sterner duties to be done than marching, could be distinguished by his G. A. R. hat. One division in which, as it happened, there was a considerable proportion of elderly men, had its sandwich boys and water carriers with it, a fact which the marchers evi-

The old men marched as sturdily as the younger, and this division made a particularly good showing, due in part to the excellence of he martial music furnished by the New York Catholic Protectory band. The youngsters who made up the band were liberally applauded. Bands were coming more frequently now than at the beginning of the parade.

The first stop was made at 10:25, and one of the lines which stopped near the stands was distinguished by the fact that every man wore in his hat a cabinet photograph of McKinley. During the stop a number of lines straggled away to cheer Gov. Morton, and this caused a break in the line when the march was resumed which was only corrected by the skilful marching of the company following the Northfield Cornet band.

Three hundred men of this detachment work white Alpine hats with gold bands on them. These men stopped short in front of Mayor Strong and cheered him lustily, in acknowledgement of which he waved his hat at them in a more familiar way than is his wont. This was the division to which he belongs had not his office given him another place in the events of the day

RISING WIND SETS THE PLACE SHIVERING. About this time the breeze began to freshen, to the delight of the heated participants in the procession and the onlookers; and as a result the crowds about the plaza saw a beautiful and inspiring display down the avenue, for the current of air, sweeping across Twenty-third street, caught the upraised flags as the marchers came out into the open and severy flag fluttering, so that, seen from a little distance, the whole line was a rippling glory of vivid and living colors. No other aspect of the parade was so splendid as the hundreds of flags, bright in the fresh breeze, seen above the solid darkness of the crowds and the columns Here and there a detachment marched with the flags iheld high, as did the Franklin Street wholesale dry goods trade men, who were preceded by a gorgeous pur-ple banner. Passing along Madison square they executed the change from eights to sixteens fin excellent style. their lines played march tunes on gold kazons while another kept time with tin clappers. This music they varied by a well-delivered slogan;

One, two, three; Sixteen to one; NIT!!" Next came the handsome banner of the Um. brella and Associated Trades, with the umbrella men in close columns, marching well. Except to the unlucky the umbrella is not dry goods, but it was included in this parade. After a band came a detachment carrying small blue banners as well as American flags, and the men of this division distinguished themselves by executing a hat salute to the reviewers-whipping off their hats and holding them flattened against breast-with machine-like They also marched in capital form and were warmly applicated. About this time a small boy got into the lines some way and was pursued by policemen who placed battledore and shuttlecock with him, to his great dismay and the amusement of the crowd. After being bidden to get out of the lines by some twenty policemen and repelled by twice that number when he tried to do so, he finally fled straight up the avenue in advance of the gold and white banner which bore this legend:

'Cornet Trade for Sound Money and McKinley." The corset makers turned out a fine reprecame next a division gorgeous in gold ribbon ashes with big purple resettes. They sang 'Marching Through Georgia" with these

Here's to honest money, boys, we'll sing another song. We'll sing it with a spirit that will start the world The dry goods men are out for gold, full fifty thou-sand strons, we'll march to the polls in November.

Cuoni's: Hurrah! We shout the jubilee, Hurrah! Hurrah! For common fonesty, Hurrah! Hourah! For common fonesty, We il rout the Coxey army with sound money for our We il rout the Coxey army with sound money for our

pica.

When we march to the polls in November. All this time the cheering had been nearly ontinuous in front of the reviewing stand, and as they passed the next stand the marchers were roused to renewed action by the big-voiced rooter there, who demanded tirelessly, "What's the matter with McKinley?" until his threat must have been worn to a trazzle. The crowds added their bit to the toles by cheering the lines that were notable either for the excellence of their marching, the ingenuity of the designs they were, or the spirit of their singing or shouting. The flags on the grand stands were almost continuously in action.

borne a banner inscribed: "White Street for Sound Money and Honest Government," and this was one of the things that brought out

BREAK IN THE DRY GOODS LINE

Then after the White streeters, there was a considerable gap in the procession. Then one thin gold line bearing a big flag, and another gap. Here was the first break in the dry goods men's thousands, for next came the Wool Exchange, preceded by a large banner on which appeared two sheep; one covered with woo and labelled 1892; the other shorn, and labelled 1896. The banner bore this motto: 'Protection, Gold and Prosperity," The wool en were large red badges with white edges. Like all the other marchers, they carried Amercan flags. Next came the cloak and suit trade, ied by eight aplendid-looking, large men, in the finest of frock coats and the shinjest of silk hats. Wide blue and gold sashes completed their equipment. The men who followed them wore white gloves and dark suits and marched unusually well.

DECORATIONS OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION. After them the dry goods men resumed their sway, as shown by a banner reading: "Central Division Dry-goods McKinley and Hobart Association." They were led by four lines of silk-hatted, frock-coated men, carrying bicolored pennons and wearing chrysanthemums. Then ame a Philadelphia band leading a detachment in bows of orange ribbon. The next division bors flags with yellow streamers, and there were four lines with yellow slouch hats who did some fine marching.

"Three cheers for the yellow hats!" yelled somebody near Mayor Strong, and the cheers came heartily.

A line of errand boys at the rear of one of the columns marched like clockwork. A few min-utes after they passed there appeared more gold hats, this time of the stove-pipe variety. Their wearers waved yellow handkerchiefe in salute and shouted:

Rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah! McKinley and Hobart, Wah-hoo wah!

CHEERS FOR THE PLAG IN THE SEY. The next detachment had something new.

This was an assortment of canes with gilded busts of McKinley for the heads. The men wore brown Fedora hats. Behind them appeared a banner, inscribed: "The National Honor Must Be Upheld."

Somebody called the attention of this company to something in the sky over Madison square to the east, and the crowd, following the direction of their upturned eyes, saw rising below a Malay kite a big Star-spangled Banner. Fluttering with every sweep of the breeze, the only object between the spectator and the limitless sky beyond, it was a sight to make one's loyalty and love for the flag a little keener, and to warm one's blood to a little quicker flow. A great cheer went up from the crowd, and the flag in the heavens soured up with a graceful wave as if in answer.

Soon the cheering was directed to earthly things again. A line of marchers in yellow slouch hats with big gold ribbons were greeted warmly, both for their appearance and for their marching. Behind them marched a file of men with gazoos, who blew on a single note with tremendous vigor and effect. About this part of the column was a marcher with a camera, who snapped it on the reviewers. A detachment in light gray felt Fedora hats

marched in fine time and formation to the music of a Williamsbridge drum corps, and were applauded by the stands. One of their men displayed a bunch of oranges on his coat front. After them came a long pause, and then the Broome street dry goods division. By this time the grand stands had filled up well, and the committeemen were next busy repelling boarders who wanted to get in on a pull and without tickets.

MERCHANT TAILORS PASS IN PINE STYLE. The next break in what appeared to be an endless line of dry goods men came at thirty minutes after noon, when the merchant tailors came along, with Marshal Twysfort at their head. The tailors could have no better advertisement of their trade than the appearance they made on parade. Every man of them was well groomed. What was more to the point, they presented an alignment which would have done credit to the Seventh Regiment. They marched as if marching were their vocation 365

days in the year.

Marshal Twyefort and his staff all wore frock coats, silk hats, and very light tan gloves. The Marshal and each of his staff wore a blue each and carried a cane, and saluted Gov. Morton and Mr. Hobart, as well as Mr. Woodruff, When the first platoon of tailors passed the reviewing party a neat movement was executed. The Captain of the piatoon, or company, as each platoon in the great parade was called, gave this

"Guide right! Eves right! Present flags!" As the order was given the alignment was rectified, every tailor fastened his eyes on the top button of the coat of his right-hand neighbor, while the man at the right of the platoon looked at the reviewing stand. Then the flags were brought to the position of "present arms." The movement was executed with precision and was effective. Each successive platoon followed the example of the first, and as platoon after platoon passed, 150 of them in all, making up the 2,400 tailors in line, the reviewing and grand stands rang with applause. What added to the effect was the fact that the sun was just at the right angle to cause the goldbug epaulets worn by each tailor to shipe with an added brilliancy.

There were still more dry goods men to fol-low, and another division bobbed up screnely after the tailors.

DISPLAY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' SUPPLY TRADE. Then came the Photographers' Supply Trade. which, in the official schedule, was listed to

follow the millinery trade. This section, in the grand marshal's estimate, was down to be made up of 150 men. There were over 300 in the di-vision by actual count. What attracted particular attention to the division was the white silk banner, borne in front of the marshal and his staff, bearing this legend, lettered in gold: AMERICANS! UPHOLD YOUR HONOR!

Then the first three companies were equipped with star-pointed lances, each lance having a letter of the alphabet in gold affixed to it. The letters on the lances borne by the first platoon spelied the word "Prosperity." The second row of lances made up the words "Victory' and "Assures," while the third row made up the words "Sound" and "Money." The three rows of lances, with their letters, read thus;

PROSPERITY! VICTORY ASSURES BOUND MONEY!

The men in the last rank of the division carried long staffs, held high in air, to which was affixed, sized proportionately, the wooden facsimiles of a silver dollar, above which was a gold dollar. On the silver dollar were these

Following the Photographers' Supply Trade, as if to add something unusual to the procession, came the third division of the Wholesale Dry Goods Trade, Central Division, preceded by Vosburgh's New York Fife and Drum Corps. This division of the dry goods men had as a sort of drum major a boy dressed entirely in yellow and wearing a clown's bonnet, bearing the

HULLY GER

When the first of the third division of the central dry goods men got opposite the reviewing stand they began to shout; Who are we? Who are we?

Every vote for McKinlee This seemed to please little Mr. Woodruff mightily, for he laughed so hard that his shin-ing slik tile completely lost its balance. As this division went by the grand stand on the

eastern side of the avenue, the men began sing-

ing the "Red, White, and Blue," in which the

people on the stand joined. In the mighty

chorus the soprano of the women could be distinguished plainly. The song was taken up along the line, down as far as Twenty-third street at any rate.

GOV. MORTON CALLS FOR THREE CHEERS FOR

THE PLAG.

When the last two lines of the chorus. The army and navy forever, Three cheers for the Red. White, and Rive!

rang out, Gov. Morton, who had stood uncorered during the singing, swung his silk hat above his head and called upon the paraders for three cheers for the flaz about which they had been singing. The response was instanta-neous. Men, women, children, paraders every-body within the sound of his voice or within sight of his swinging-arm arose and cheered.

bedy within the sound of his voice or within sight of his swingings it arm arose and cheered. HIGGEST GOLDBUG IN LINE.

The cheering had hardly died away when a great shout went up from the crowd at the southern end of the reviewing stand. Those north of that point could not make out for some time what the hubbub was about. All that those on the upper stands rould see at first was the banner of the "Ladies' and Infants' Wear Trade." The shouting continued, however, being taken up by successive voices as the banner advanced. Finally the cause of the "to do" came up in full view. Upon an every-day push cart of the Italian street vender was a superstructure of cloth, opvered with gold leaf, the whole effect being that of a gigantic turtle. It was the largest representation of a goldbig ever seen in these parts. Every part of the insent was perfectly fashioned, by means of a string fastened to the upper part of the head and carried back to the tail of the cart, the Indian who did the pushing could cause the bug to open its mouth and show a must feroclous set of teeth. Across the head of the bug was painted this:

While the upholsterers were passing, their blue and gold hanner carried before them, the grand stand folk thought there should be some music, so they started up the "Red, White and Blue" again and sang it for fifteen minutes. Following the window shade trade came the Overton drum corps, which played "Yankee Doodle" for the first time since the right of the line came within sight of Twenty-third street.

NO END OF DRY GOODS MEN.

line came within sight of Twenty-third street.

NO END OF DRY GOODS MEN.

More dry goods men jogged along after this drum corps. When everybody began to roap with laughter, the dry goods chaps couldn't understand what the laughing was all about any way. Some one in the reviewing stand told them, and one of them shouted back:

"Say, you haven't seen us yet! There are only a million or two more down town waiting to fail in!"

Then the whole division began to fan themselves gently with gold tana, which were labelled: "We're hot for McKinley."

Some one in the stand on the west side of the avenue just here brought a nair of powerful field glasses to bear upon the parade below Twenty-third street. Next to the man with the field glasses to bear upon the parade below Twenty-third street. Next to the man with the field glasses sat Lee Fairchild. He Republican spelibinder with a family tree. Fairchild had been looking intently for some minutes at the roof of the Hotel Bartholdt. Turning to the owner of the field glasses. Fairchild said:

"Will you be good enough to let me take those glasses for a moment? I think I see some strange objects on the roof of the Bartholdt."

The glasses were handed over, and Fairchild looked through them for a long time. Finally he handed them back and said:

"I knew it. I knew I couldn't be mistaken. One of the ambulance surgeons ought to go up there."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the owner

One of the ambulance surgeons ought to go up there."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the owner of the glasses. I don't see anything up there but a number of men watching the parade."

"My friend, if you knew who those men were, you'd appreciate the need of an ambulance surgeon on that roof. Up there are three very distinguished citizens. They are the Hon. Mr. Sinjun, treasurer and philosopher of the Popocratis; Mr. McLaughlin, the prophet of Popocratis; Mr. Galaman of the Popocratic State Committee. They can all stand it but poor Slodun. He isn't strong and he's liable to drop dead from heart disease every time he looks down this way and appreciates what's going to happen to Bryan next Tue-day. I can't stand it any longer. I'm going for an ambulance surgeon. I don't want anything to happen to Sinjun."

With that, Mr. Fairchild handed back the glasses and left the grand stand.

RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP MEN.

RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP MEN.

It was a notsy entrance into the square which the railway and steamship men made. They cheered and they same and they shouted and blew kazons, just to let folks know they were on the man line. An immente blue silk banner, on which the name of the organization was printed in gold letters, was carried in front of the division by three colored men, each fully six feet high and each wearing a silk hat, a frock coat, and white gloves. As the color-bearers passed the reviewing stand they dipped the banner every few feet. In one of there dipping movements, the eagle surmounting the staff fell off. One of the colored men picked up the golden bird and shouted:

"Dat yar bird jes got so giddy from all dis demonstration dat it done fell off its perch."

The explanation was considered to be worth additional cheering, and the color-bearer got it. The cheers were drawned out by the cry of those who made up the first platoon of the railway men. The yells went like this:

Rahl Rahl Rahl Who are we? RAILWAY AND STEAMSHIP MEN.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Who are we? We are the boys of the N. Y. C.! After that yell the people knew that the officers and men of the New York Central had the
right of line in the Railway and Steamship Division. The Pennsylvania men were preceded
by the Gen. D. P. De Witt Drum Corps of Middletown, N. Y. As they marched they yelled:

Rai! Rah! Rah! siah!
We're the Keystone B. R.!

The Eric division had to go out to Newark and Elizabeth before they could get any music to which they might time their steps. They had Drake's Veteran Zouave band of Elizabeth, and the Post Lincoin drum corps of Newark. They made the welkin ring with their yell, which ran

Hully gee! Hully gee! We are the boys of the E-R-I-E! PAPER MAKERS AND ASSOCIATED TRADES. PAPER MAKERS AND ASSOCIATED TRADES.

The Paper and Associated Trades division was distinguished by big yellow badges, six inches square, upon which were painted red, white, and blue shields. Above the shields were mammoth fac similes of the gold dollar, bearing the vignette of McKinley. Lest these badges should not serve to completely identify them, the first platon introduced themselves and all the rest of the division by shouting when opposite the reviewing stand:

"Who are we? Who are we?

The Paper Makers for McKin-lee!"

"Who are see! Who are see! The Paper Makers for RickIn-lee!"
The Paper Makers for RickIn-lee!"
The publishers and booksellers were sand-wicked in between sections of the paper makers, preceded by the Musical Union band of Woodhaven. They were a fine looking body of men. After another section of paper makers of about 200, each man carrying a great yellow pampas plume, came the publishers and booksellers, tranklin square division. That meant the employers and employed of the Harper Brothers Company. Of course there were nothing but exceptionally fine-looking men in this division, but neither the men nor their numbers attracted the attention that did a great standard, carried by four men, with four others for reliefs, framing an enlarged copy of the cartoon by W. A. Rogers, entitled,"A Mighty Risky Experiment."
On one side was the picture of Bryan standing over a workingman hay a silver dollar. In Bryan's upraised hands a sword was grasped. The aword was labelled "Wild Eyed Finance." Under the picture was this:

BRYAN-Now, my good man, I propose to cut your

Bayan-Now, my good man, I propose to cut your dollar in two, without hurting you a particle. On the opposite side of the standard was another picture of a silver dollar, with this on

MARKED DOWN! 49 CENTS!

The people had hardly finished cheering the drawing when a man much over six feet tail, with a particularly strong face, came along at the head of the fourth division of the paper makers. The man was dressed as Uncle Sam, and he carried a large American flag. The mation's Uncle could hardly have been better represented. The crowd appreciated the representation, and the man was cheered all along the line.

THE COAL MINERS.

But every demonstration, every outburst of enthusiasm from the crowd about Madison square between the hours of 12 and 2 counted for nothing compared with that accorded to the escort of the Coal Trade division. This escort was composed of a platoon of sixteen miners, dressed in the clothes they wear in the miners. Each miner carried his full kit of toois, and upon the cap of each was a burning miner's lamp. The men looked as if they had just stepped from the shafts into the parade. Their faces were blackened with coal dust. The escort got a reception that must have made their blood tingle. They were cheered again and again, women threw flowers at them, and chil-

Repub-

licans, Democrats and Populists are fully agreed in the desire for good health, and they have found by experience that it is given by

Hoods Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the favorite cather-